

MOVIES International

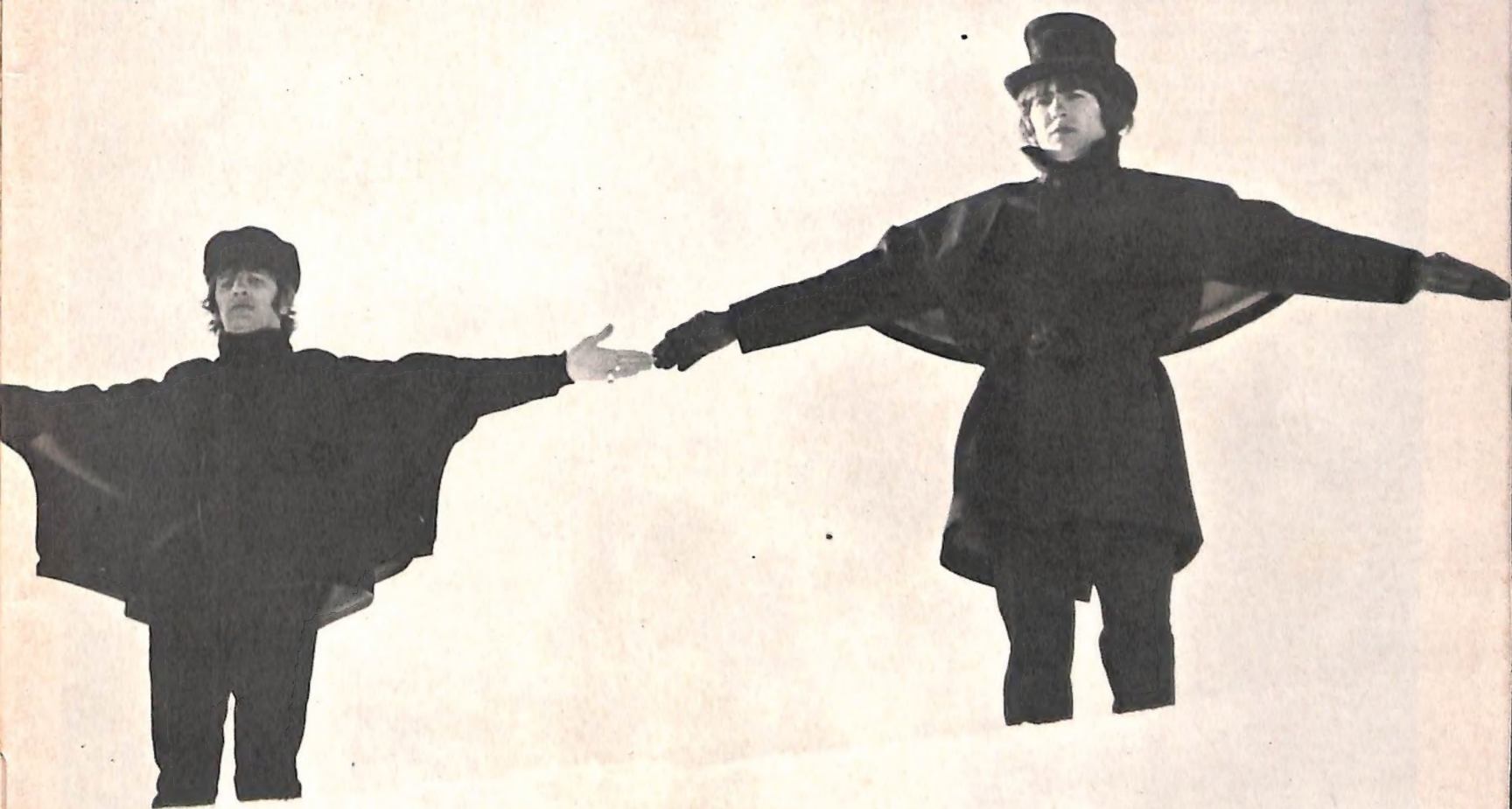
CN ONE DOLLAR
VOL. 1 NO. 1

SALE TO MINORS FORBIDDEN

STARS IN ACTION
LATIN FURY
SEX VS. THE STAR SYSTEM
LINDA VERAS
NEW FACES AND FIGURES
THE NAKED HARLOW
NUDE TRANSCENDING THE TEARS

help





The most keenly kept secret in the industry at press time was the nature of the Beatles' new teen-screamer, *HELP!* According to dribs and drabs of publicity put out by Brian Epstein's press relations man, the story goes something like this: Eastern Goddess Kali threatens Ringo (who else?), the boys save him many times in many ways. And that's all they would say. Here the boys cavort across the screen in one of the Alpine scenes. Film was shot in Australia, the Bahamas, England, and a few other places. Director is Richard Lester, who also directed their first flick, *A HARD DAY'S NIGHT*. Peter Sellers is tossed in as an added attraction, so it ought to be a squasher.

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Sept. '65

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PREVIEW

Although many resist the idea, films are no longer being made merely to divert. They are now full fledged art forms and always have been despite the interference of old line producers who think a camera is another form of cash register.

As an art form, films must not only divert, they must stimulate. They must not only show something... they must "know" something. Those who cannot accept this are limited to a narrow, outmoded concept of the theater which began to die with vaudeville. For the most part, they wish films to confine themselves to tranquilizing cliché situations and innocuous, non-controversial themes, known as family pictures. No doubt they would be happy with an industry devoted to the mass production of wholesome musicals and equally well scrubbed situation comedies with an occasional 7th Cavalry to the rescue spectacular. But this is a lot like requiring painters to depict only landscapes and still life, or decreeing that writers only write about **Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm**.

What they forget is that not only does this type of pap sell like last week's fish, but that the public demands something more and, more important, so does the artist.

As a result, the entire motion picture industry has been turned upside down. The autocratic studio bosses and their columnist hirelings no longer wield power over the public taste. Filmgoers are not as unsophisticated and banal as these well entrenched, self appointed arbiters would have us believe. Today, they are more interested in what a star projects on the screen than in touring his ranch home in a plush California suburb or discovering where he was last seen on an evening out and with whom. Those days of muckraking scandal in the name of "inside information," "publicity" and "appeasing the fans," gave Hollywood its puerile, pretentious reputation and are on the way out. The phony veneer of the Hollywood star as an ingratiating off color, off screen lover women wanted to go to be with, or a dumb Barbie doll with a full brassiere, is being replaced by a new image... that of actors dedicated to their art... consummate professionals.

True, there are still many of the press agent ballyhoo school who hawk their films and clients like volume deal car salesmen. But this residue from the gilded pushcart is obviously unaware of the revolution now taking place. They still insist on talking down to and short-changing a public whose popular tastes they equate with their own. But a pa-

tronized public will not patronize hackneyed junk and this is the reason for our publication: **MOVIES INTERNATIONAL**.

We believe that the old image of picture making with its attendant glamor symbols and hollow extravaganzas is as obsolete as the address Hollywood and Vine. No celebrities frequent the latter and the former has proven both an artistic and financial flop. Film making is no longer slipshod escapism. It is art, and art requires talent, a commodity which all the buffoonery, noise and garish bad taste cannot compensate for.

In today's cinematic world the man who has something to show is in demand, or ought to be. The old monopoly of sustained mediocrity has been broken. No longer do the great studios have a corner on the entertainment market. Yesterday's triumphs are today's liabilities. Stung by the success of foreign films, by their caliber and scope, American film producers have been hard put to main-



tain their share of the theatergoer's dollar, and television has not helped the situation by supplying, free, what Hollywood once advertised as a deluxe item and charged for, accordingly.

At first, and even now, Hollywood, with few ideas of its own, believed that the European challenge was due mainly to its open treatment of bolder subjects, i.e., sex. But this was only a part of it and, as per usual, it was a salesman's surface appreciation of the situation. Actually, it is the Europeans' entire outlook on film making that has carved such sizeable inroads into what was once a private Hollywood preserve.

Foreign film producers regard the motion picture art as just that, not a business proposition. While our industry has remained largely in the hands of non creative people, the foreign competition has the advantage of working within an artist's medium. Such a contrast is immediately seen by the new direction

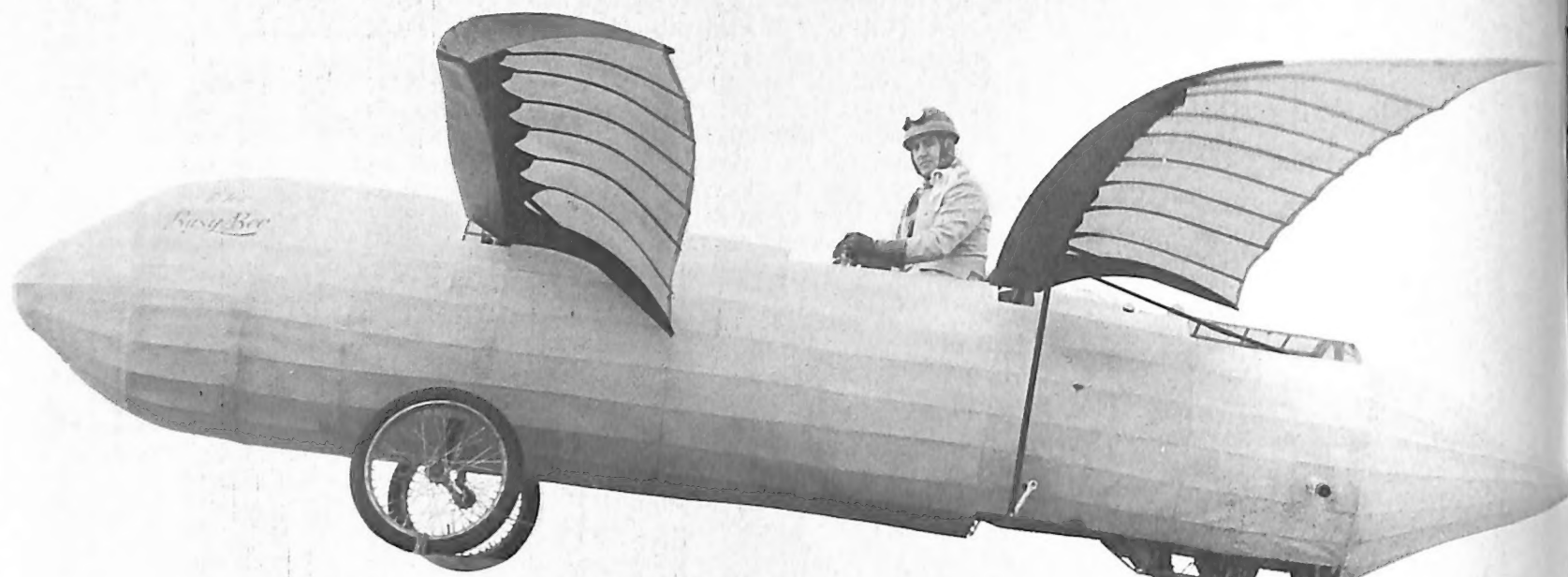
which American films are taking. They literally drip with sex.

Why? Because the businessmen who control their production have seen the box office success which Europeans have made from the subject and are rushing to cash in on the craze. To them, everything has to be a craze, a fad, a new "In" thing to be exploited. Seldom original, always on the lookout for a gimmick they can boom, they would rather imitate a going thing than pioneer trends other than technical ones. They are machine minded, because machines speed up the process and increase profits and if computers could write scripts to order, they would employ them. Their formula is devastatingly apparent in television — the salesman's happy hunting ground — but even among picture makers whose motto proclaims "Art For Art's Sake," the malaise is rampant. If the public is smitten by one-eyed cowboy spies who dally in sexual indiscretion... make another film dealing with the same subject, make two, three, thirty... and keep making them until the subject has been milked.

But this is not art. This is coloring by the numbers.

The irony of all this is that the American film industry need not take a back seat to any. Its craftsmen, technicians, directors, actors and writers have all the talent necessary. Its creative people are numerous and most of the so-called new European techniques were borrowed from old pros like Hitchcock, Hawks, Stevens, Ford, Huston and Wilder. However, the lockstep heritage of the businessman promoter is still holding American cinema back. When their stultifying influence is broken and the motion picture becomes an art form rather than a vehicle to sell fan magazines, 8 X 10 glossies and ceremonial souvenir programs, it will have finally come of age. Then pictures will be made because they need to be, not because the schedule dictates they are next on the gimmick sheet.

It is precisely this battle that **MOVIES INTERNATIONAL** will report on. In the next few years of transition we are going to see clashes over cinematic subject matter, portrayal and emphasis. We will see the good and the bad, the uplifting and the gross, the important and the crass, and we will review and report on all of them. But whatever transpires, American films will never again be the same and the counterfeit image of Hollywood will find itself where all such bogus ideas must eventually reside, among the little remembered souvenirs of another age, gone but not forgotten, yet neither dwelled upon with morbid fascination and pointed to with pride merely because they are no more.



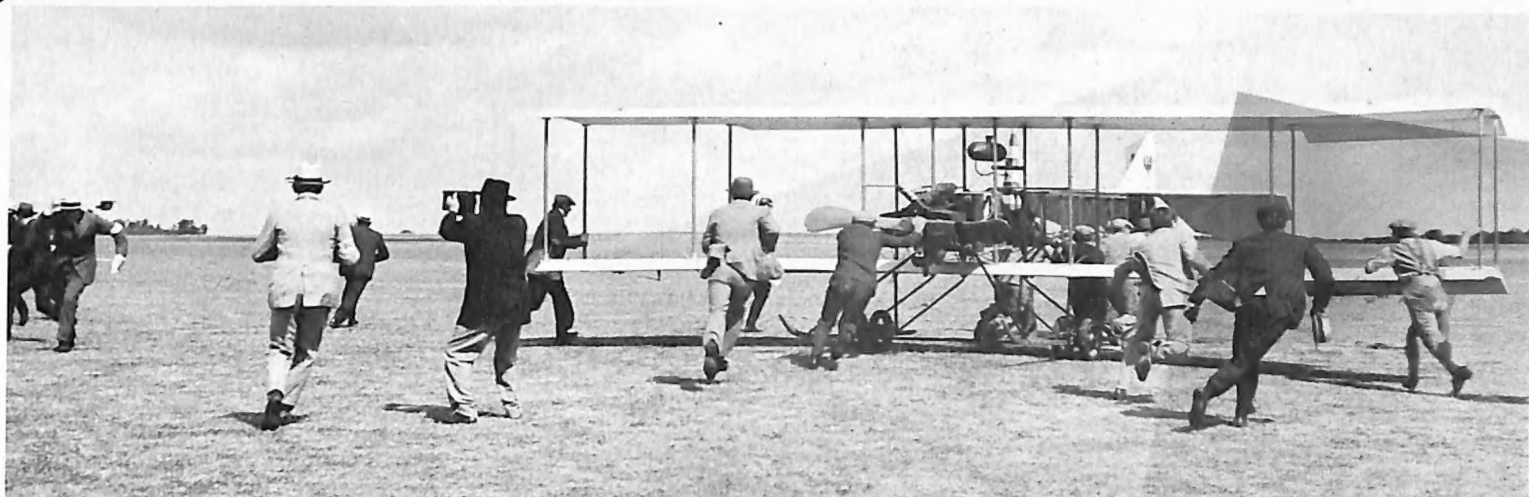
THOSE MEN MAGNIFICENT IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES



Seldom if ever does the germ of a film idea ever survive gestation as it was originally envisioned. For years, Ken Annakin, one of England's top directors, dreamed of doing a film on the colorful era of pre-World War I aviators and their bamboo and wire flying fantasies. An RAF flyer in the war, Annakin tried to arouse interest in his historic aviation film idea, but in addition to the fact that none of the early Bleriot or Demoiselles were in any shape to fly, there was thought to be little interest in films of this type. After all, producers argued, the world had seen aviation soar from flimsy sixty mph crates to supersonic transports in only fifty years. Would the crazy antics of pioneer airmen seem box office when space satellites were making daily headlines? The answer Annakin always received was an inexorable, no!

Then, as so often happens, the pros, the producers who have the ability to make a hard-nosed banker gamble on an idea, saw the fallacy in their argument. Mike Todd's *AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS* was a tremendous hit, as were a dozen other wide-screen color spectacles. People could be pulled away from their TV sets if you gave them something to look at.

Annakin met American producer Stan Margulies and Stan took the idea to 20th Century-Fox, a studio known to gamble — and gamble big on a

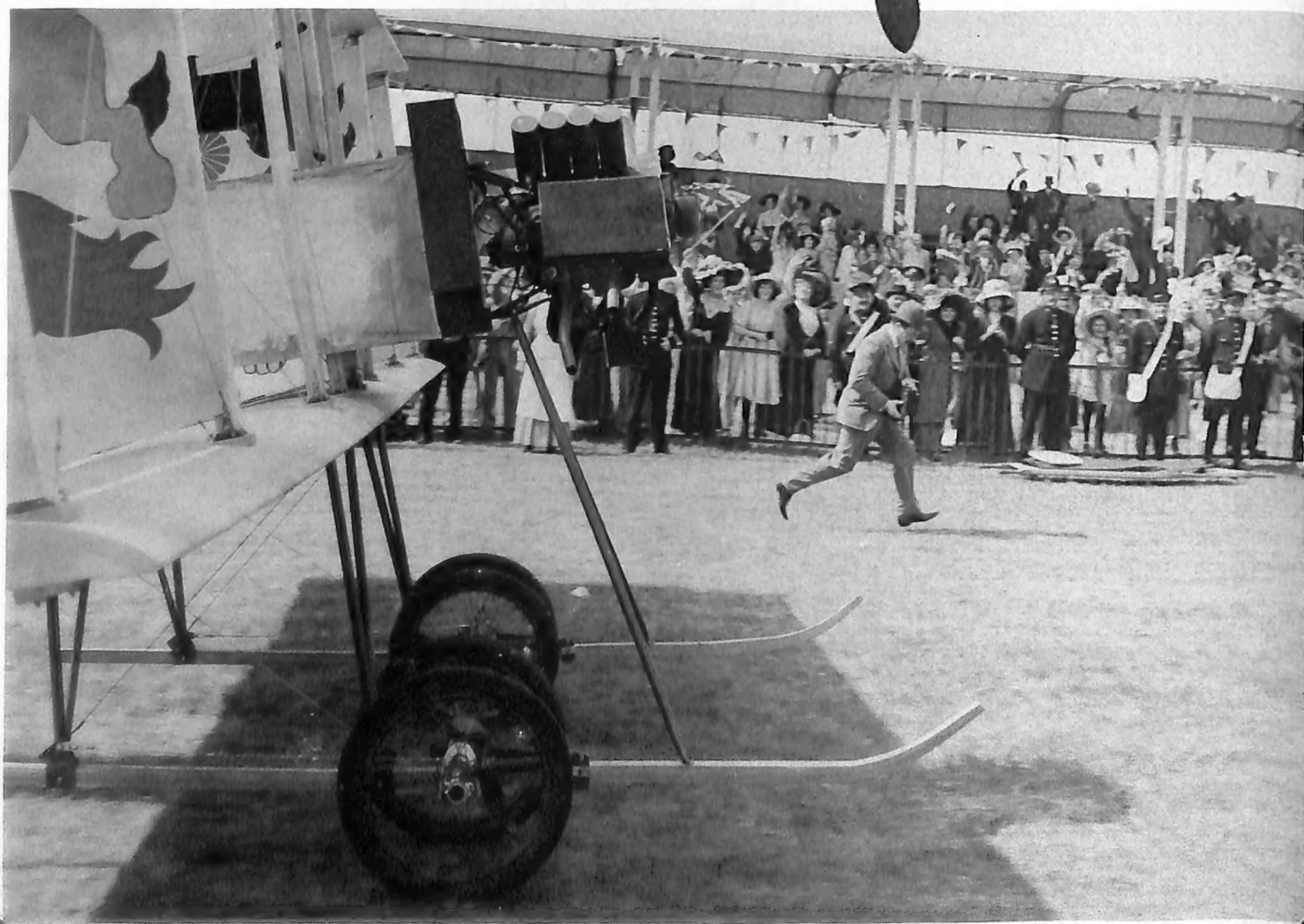
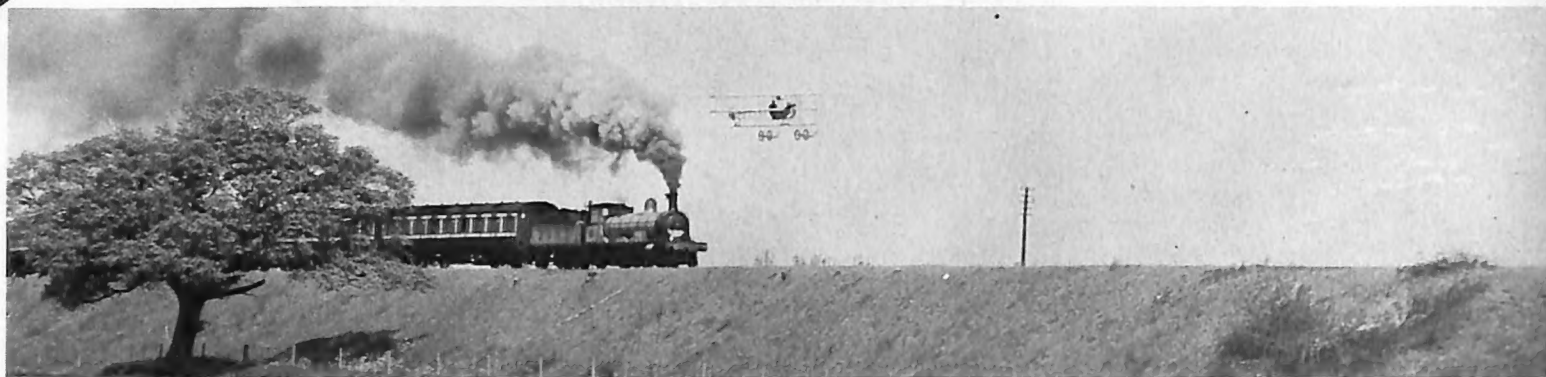


sound idea. They liked the script screenwriters Jack Davies and Annakin had written. They liked the idea of depicting so colorful a period in a comedy vein. They liked it so much they gave Annakin the green light.

It was decided to shoot the film in England where the story of the great 1910 London-to-Paris air race was set. Only once the all-star cast had been selected their troubles really began.

CONTINUED





The studio found it had to actually build nine authentic flying replicas of circa 1910 aircraft. And it wasn't easy. First a team of troubleshooters made a nine thousand mile trip to gather up dusty old drawings of authentic vintage birds. When drawings weren't available they went to museums and scaled dimensions from the old relics. When nothing existed except yellowed photos, they gave the pictures to the shops in England and let the skilled builders take it from there.

Several English concerns took part in the building of the replicas and within a year a quite authentic looking Antoinette, a Burgess and Picat DuBreuil, plus several other period monoplanes, were constructed. The problem then was to find stunt and movie flyers capable of handling these vintage birds that had vanished long before most of the pilots were born. The logical answer was to turn to noted English stunt flyer John Crewsdon. Crewsdon was held in high esteem by moviemakers because of his boast that he could and would fly anything with wings.

Anything? They decided to put him to the test.

True, the vintage kites were mostly powered by fairly reliable and modern engines, mostly 40 & 50 hp engines. But flying aircraft that required the exacting technique of wingwarping for turns and banks was another matter. Not only were the planes to be flown, but flown according to Ken Annakin's directions. After all, he was making an epoch film, a color movie in wide-screen TODD-A-O, that offered unlimited photographic and action sequences. He expected more than just straight and level and Crewsdon delivered what he promised.

The result is the biggest film to come from England in 1965. Not only does it have a huge array of top stars, laughs galore and zany flying, but it still manages to conquer the indomitable spirit of the adventurous young daredevils of the era. Using a fictionalized version of the famous Raymond Orteig offer of \$50,000 for the first man to fly the English channel, the film establishes a wild, hectic pace from the outset, and doesn't let up until the last plane crash-lands at the finale in Paris.

Ken Annakin has made his dream a reality, and if it has been altered somewhat in form it has not suffered in concept, for it is a highly entertaining vehicle that not only offers a rare glimpse at a bygone era, but adds comic relief to a sport that in 1910 was little short of calculated suicide.





Fiery, and frankly feminine in a Mother Earth manner, Latin import Begonia Palacios may be Hollywood's new Delores Del Rio. She combines the same smouldering look of intrigue with patrician pride and after audiences see her in Columbia's Major Dundee, the stampede to cast her will be on.

Sharing Charlton Heston with another exotic foreigner, Austria's Senta Berger, Begonia came off the better of the two, although her role

LATIN FURY

BEGONIA PALACIOS IS NOT THE GARDEN VARIETY VENUS MAN-CATCHER!

was much smaller and she did not really play opposite Heston. Nevertheless, her comely, well scrubbed looks combined with a primitive appeal to quickly inform the viewer everything he had ever read about still waters running deep was true. No doubt about it, Begonia has got it.

In Major Dundee she was groomed to look like an inviolable virgin. And while she convinced us, she did not discourage us from trying.





That is her forte, exactly. She is compelling but disarming, a wanton, but a child, a womanly creature, yet a goddess; and because she upsets men and has the power to bother them, she makes them care. And that is the first step toward lasting popularity in the fickle world of cinema.



IN HARM'S WAY

PARAMOUNT



Otto Preminger's large-scale film production, *In Harm's Way*, is heralded as a sea-war story to end all sea-war stories. A robust drama of war and heroic tradition, it is also a penetrating drama of human beings; men and women caught up in a critical moment of history.

At least, this is what the publicity releases tell us.

But accomplished viewers of this kind of flick have a vague feeling at the backs of their minds that they have gone this route a time or two before.

Oh, it's a helluva good picture. But with all Big Otto has in it, it would take a God-given curse to make it otherwise.

Preminger started out with a winning combination—John Wayne and the U.S. Navy—then, to insure his bet he lined up a battery of stars to augment his 16-inch guns.

Kirk Douglas, lockjawed and tortured with anxiety, is there, as are All American Man Tom Tryon, old pros Dana Andrews and Henry Fonda, and relative newcomers Brandon de Wilde, Jill Haworth and Paula Prentiss. Even such a consummate actress as Patricia Neal is on hand in case anyone else messes up message—which they didn't—so Preminger can hardly miss.

However, we have to say that the film does suffer from a certain lack of realism. Apparently, Preminger's conception of war is giving the enemy hell, and what happens to us is not important. Thus, when Pearl Harbor explodes on the wide screen in color and cruiser captain Wayne is sent into bust up the enemy, we get the picture of this battle-happy old salt just spoiling for a real honest to gosh shoot-em-up war.

It's as if Preminger were trying to tell us the whole





navy was made up of guys like this, and we didn't really lose our butt when the Japanese attacked us at Pearl. A few navy buffs have also complained about the technical boffs, such as using large ID numbers on the ships instead of the small ones that are standard in wartime.

On the other hand, we have to admit that Preminger does not pretend to be a war historian, but simply a movie empresario, and, as such, is charged only with the responsibility of entertaining us. This he does admirably, as he would have to with 20 main character roles and 20 top actors and actresses to fill them. In a sense, *In Harm's Way* is a miniature *Longest Day*. It's just a little farther out in dreamland.



HAS SEX REPLACED THE STAR SYSTEM?

IN THE WAKE OF THE BOX-OFFICE WAR FILM MAKERS HAVE DISCOVERED A WELL PUBLICIZED SEX SCENE HAS MORE SELL THAN TOP NAMES.



Not too long ago the commercial success of almost any film depended largely on the actors in it. If a western starred Gary Cooper it was automatically labeled an "A" flick. Conversely, the same story, often produced at the same studio, was released as a "B" film if it wound up as a Bill Elliot epic. Justly or unjustly "names" sold movies and could be counted on to fill theatre seats even though the movie itself may have had a bad script, been poorly directed, or just simply bad cinema.

But stars alone no longer insure box-office.

In its 20-year war with TV, Hollywood and foreign filmmakers have discovered only one sure-fire grabber — SEX! Be it a western, a war film, the political arena, a mystery or musical, sex in its most blatant form is a necessary ingredient that, tastefully exploited or not, can lure more viewers than any top ten stars in a respectable production.

Director Sidney Lumet used lace allure, well seasoned with bare



sensuality to emphasize the gritty Harlem background in *THE PAWN-BROKER*, as did Richard Brooks in his casting Dahlia Lavi to heat up *LORD JIM*.

One glance at the current list of major studio releases more than proves the fact that while films are largely budgeted on the basis of who they will STAR, it has become an inexorable axiom that even the most popular stars like Cary Grant, Doris Day, John Wayne and Charlton Heston need a generous dose of spice to insure theatre owners a good gate.

One doesn't have to probe too deeply to discover the cause of this paradox. When *OPEN CITY* played to SRO audiences over 20 years ago many Hollywood directors saw the proverbial handwriting on the wall. In *OPEN CITY*, an Italian film that heralded the be-

restrictions in how matters of love and passion had to be handled. Gradually, the pendulum swung to an almost total lack of restrictions in what could and could not be shown.

In most cases, two versions of a particularly 'hot' scene were shot, the tamest naturally being for the domestic audiences of tender tastes. But most vivid was the effect on Hollywood's long standing "star" system. Producers began to ask how much of a buxom starlet's bosom could be shown and what they delicately could disclose cinematically, as two bodies writhed beneath silken sheets . . . not who the star would be.

As in any art form that is dictated by the profit motive the consumer ultimately is responsible for what he sees or doesn't see, buys



ginning of the new wave in cinema expression, not one star was known to American movie audiences. However, Anna Magnani's earthy sensuality and Rossellini's brilliant direction left its impression forever branded on Hollywood. Though most of *OPEN CITY*'s sizzling boudoir scenes were clipped from the imported version, the remaining footage was still erotic enough to stimulate American movie-goers.

Once it became evident, the pattern for cinema success was spelled S-E-X Hollywood realized it not only had to compete with TV, but the outpouring of dazzling lust-filled films from Europe, too. Of course, no one but the venerable censors really minded. Liberals in the creative arts felt less confined when no longer limited to absurd

or rejects. So it is, too, with films.

Audiences indicated their preference by paying box-office homage to films that contained raw, provocative scenes. Ritual Hollywood films with long proven top stars, in and of themselves, were no longer able to draw viewers into theatres on the merits of their popularity alone. *IN HARM'S WAY* dramatically proves this, for despite a cast of eight all-time movie veterans, Otto Preminger still wisely emphasized the story's spectacular beach bash and rape, John Wayne notwithstanding. If Wayne, Fonda, Andrews, Tone and Douglas need writhing hips and fleshy bosoms to put them across, then there's hardly any argument to refute the fact that stars aren't shining quite as bright as they used to.





DAVID LEAN GETS CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S OK TO DIRECT DAUGHTER IN "DR. ZHIVAGO"

Poor Charlie and Oona! They just can't seem to get their fledglings off the ground.

First we hear stories about son John living off the dole in his London flat waiting for the million-dollar contract to come through, then we overhear some critics muttering that daughter Geraldine doesn't quite hold up the Chaplin name in the MGM-Carlo Ponti epic, *Doctor Zhivago*.

Director David Lean (*Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, and many others) seemed to snatch her from out of nowhere despite the obvious availability of dozens of other, better established actresses. She had never acted in a film before and, in fact, received her first screen test on the set of *Zhivago*.

As proof that this casting choice was a prudent one, producer Lean had the screen test available for viewing on location in Spain by any newsman who had the urge. Yet, some of them came away muttering that Lean was simply trying to trade on the Chaplin name.

Perhaps this point has some validity, because Lean didn't go out of his way to get other famous

names for lead roles . . . and there is a maxim in the film business that if you spend big money you *must* have big names. *Doctor Zhivago* cost \$10 million, and that isn't a drop in the bucket.

Starring in the title role is Omar Sharif, an Egyptian as famous for his bridge playing as his acting. Lean brought him out in *Lawrence of Arabia*. *Zhivago's* wife, Tonya, is played by Geraldine Chaplin and his other love, Lara, is played by Julie Christie, a lightly experienced but capable young actress. Since the film's plot rests heavily on the effectiveness of the love triangle between the doctor, his wife and his mistress, a piece of bad acting could ruin the whole thing. Hollywood cynics, however, say that no amount of bad acting can overshadow the publicity attached to Geraldine's name. Her art, they say, is in being Charlie Chaplin's daughter.

On the other hand, he does balance off in more minor roles with Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Siobhan McKenna and Rita Tushingham.

Strangest of all, educated rumor has it that Geraldine did not even seek the part, has not, in fact,

sought any part, and that Lean went to her. More accurately, he went to the old man himself, for Geraldine at first said no on grounds that her father would not approve of her trading on the family name without first establishing herself in a minor production or two.

This we know to be true. Lean's first meeting with Charlie Chaplin almost netted him a flat refusal, but he was able to get Chaplin's sanction on a screen test to be made in London. After the test Chaplin continued to have his doubts and said he would still prefer to see his daughter work up from the bottom, if, indeed, she wanted to follow an acting career at all.

But Geraldine was quite excited over the offer and knew she would not receive another quite like it for many years. And Charlie, like all fathers of girls, felt his resistance go soft and cuddly and he finally voiced his assent.

So producer Lean is happy, Geraldine is ecstatic and they'll probably make a lot of money together. Whether they do it by presenting the public with a worthwhile package remains to be seen.



NEW FILMS

1. BEGINNING AT SALZBURG

The title is deceptively mild, but this film represents a sexual rapprochement between French and German movie makers. Unfortunately, their aims do not rise above the mattress level and what we get is German actor Curd Jurgens and French discovery Daniele Gaubert, replaying the familiar older man—enamoured of young girl theme. Jurgens has been here before, in the arms of Brigitte Bardot in *AND GOD CREATED WOMAN*, as well those of lesser known but equally well endowed young women. Now he slavers after petite Daniele and although we are given explicit views of breasts and buttocks, somehow we get the feeling that Mr. Jurgens should have stayed out of bed this once.



With the wet and squirming Daniele in his arms, Jurgens dashes up the path to his villa. Had he tripped on the step, **BEGINNING IN SALZBURG** might not have come to such an untimely end as serious, adult drama. It really had fine farcial possibilities. (Top Right) Daniele points out the way to her villa, while Jurgens poses with all the presence of an indulging uncle. (Bottom Right) Close-up of Daniele explains why Herr Jurgens abandons decorum for boudoir athletics. She is sensuous, earthy and extremely attractive.

2. STATION SIX (READ SEX) SAHARA

In this case, the Miss most missed is Carroll Baker and Jean Harlow's rather tepid reincarnation is introduced to thicken what little plot *SAHARA* pretends to. First off, Carroll is really only a mirage of a sex bomb. Discussion of her new films invariably center on how much she exposes, yet there isn't that much to talk about... even if she goes *du naturelle*. There have been slim, boy chested vamps before, but Carroll isn't one of them. She has put a price tag on her sex and it is obvious that it's been marked down.

Nevertheless, even if she is on special, Miss Baker still is able to exhibit flashes of the talent she showed in *GIANT* and *BABY DOLL*. In *SAHARA* she also displays a little soul along with her epidermis, and handles her role about as well as the five men handle her. After all, it isn't everyday something this drastically reduced comes along in the desert.



Top: Something for the boys... as Miss Baker with the aid of a towel and a monopoly on female availability, lies back and lets Nature take its course in the minds and loins of five men who have been without women for as many months. (Bottom Left) In time — about five seconds — the chemistry works, and Carroll begins to body-bump with S.S. type Peter Van Eyck. (Bottom Right) Ingrate that he is, Van Eyck slaps Carroll around when he catches her ogling the others. Nasty man, he just hasn't learned to share.

3. THE BIBLE

And Director John Huston created man. Actually, Huston has employed taste and imagination to bring the creation of Adam and Eve to the screen in his directorial segment of Dino De Laurentis' stupendous undertaking *THE BIBLE*. Ulla Bergryd, an unknown typist working in Paris, was cast as Eve and newcomer, Michael Parks, an American, is the first fall guy. Although many name stars (Ava Gardner, Peter O'Toole, George C. Scott) are in the film, Huston chose his relative unknowns to overcome any preconceived notions the audience might have entertained about the ancient pair. In the film, Adam explodes from a mound of dust. The apple, snake and garden are all there, and the first charter member humans appear complete, with everything to sin with. They do, for this is one book Huston has not changed in his film version.



Above: Ulla Bergryd evidently has learned that clothes also make the woman. Hence she covers up with the latest fashion circa. 10,000 B.C. Or maybe she was just frightened by Vic Mature? Top Right: Adam, Eve and parrot friend make their way through the Garden of Eden in idyllic scene before discovering that crab grass grows there. Bottom Right: Director Huston explains his version of the Old Testament. There are no dissentors.

4. A NIGHT WITH SALOME

This is a bad film being shown in many theaters under many aliases. Still, this sex bash has one great scene to recommend it, a dance performed by a marvelously gifted and beautiful young woman. We don't know her name, but it and her performance are the only things worth remembering. This flick has been disguised as *Five Nights Of Love*, *Five Nights Of Sin* and *Many Ways To Sin*. Whatever the title, it's a dog. The only worthwhile five minutes deal with Salome seducing lecherous old King Herod, her stepfather, portrayed as a lump of disease ridden flesh, by a lump of nonentity actor. The real Salome was supposed to have been only 14 when she wiggled for the king, but our guess was that this particular Salome was a 38.



Above: Unknown beauty is down to her last veil in film that has only one scene to recommend it. Does anyone know her name? We might forget a face, but never a body like that!

5. THE MANSFIELD REPORT

Having exposed all she had in *PROMISES*, *PROMISES*, the voluptuous Jayne Mansfield is now in Italy peddling the surplus. Made in the gamy spirit of a sniggering joke, her newest epic is a voyeur's dream come true. There is plenty of Jayne's pendulous charm to go around and when one tires of the flesh, Italian comics Franco Franchi and Ciccio Ingrassia spark the spirit with a few laughs. Still, the film is not worth it in its attempt to give us a visual Kinsey Report. Miss Mansfield just hasn't anything more to show the public, unless it is that she can act, and her repeated appearances in boudoir scanties are really embarrassing.



Above left: The Spirit of *THE MANSFIELD REPORT* is captured in this boorish clip of its two principals who remind one of burlesque's bankrupt days. Top Right: Italy's slaphappy buffoons Franco Franchi and Ciccio Ingrassia, give *REPORT* what little saving grace it has. Bottom Right: When one tires of Jayne's overflowing avoidupois, young starlets begin to strip.

6. DAYDREAM

This Japanese film deals with the erotic halfworld of the sensual impulse and portrays what happens when subconscious urges are allowed to take over.

According to film maker Tetsuji Takechi, most of us are descendents of the Marquis de Sade and our behavior, as depicted by *DAYDREAM*, is as follows:

1. A beautiful young girl, Kanako Michi, is chloroformed then raped while visiting her dentist.
2. She is strung nude from the ceiling of an opulent nightclub while an electric current is passed through her body.
3. She is forcibly raped in a department store window by the pursuing dentist, while surrounding mannequins whisper words of love.

The film is made with all the raw emphasis of a stag reel, and some of its scenes are straight out of a pervert's nightmare.



Above: Two clips from the brochure put out by SHOCHIKU Film Co. illustrate in no uncertain terms the potent sexual presentations of *DAYDREAM*. The girl is beautiful Kanako Michi.

7. SEVEN WOMEN FOR A KILLER

This rather underplayed title for a film that revives the Grand Guignol in all its gory, is the latest European offering in the surefire sales category of blood and breasts . . . the ingredients preferably together.

It has its malevolent Marquise, a sinister apparition named Morlachi, plenty of dark corners and loads of mayhem. Five women are alternately, brained, burned, chopped apart and dismembered to give us a reenactment of a bad day in the trenches after a big attack. Eyeballs dangle, entrails gurgle and we find ourselves not so horrified as sick to our stomachs. Of course, there are plenty of breasts and thighs to balance the blood, but one sometimes wonders how far these makers of ghoulish lubricity are prepared to go in revolting the audience. If there is sex here, it's aimed strictly at the sado-masochist market.





THE NAKED HARLOW



In his boudoir biography, Irving Shulman intimated that there is something in the name Harlow which suggests harlot. Thus, having established both the premise and the excuse for writing it, he set himself to the great work of proving that the name and the game were one and the same. Whether he succeeded or not is immaterial, for Hollywood producer Joe Levine has decided to resurrect Jean Harlow and the money paid to Shulman for his literary necrophilia should well offset any nit-picking concerning authenticity and documentation.

Shulman's book may be true, but it is also in bad taste. However, the public seems to be enam-

ored of voyeuristic trash these days and a You-Are-There-Under-the-Bed-With-Magnifying-Glass version of Harlow can't miss being a moneymaker. In Levine's last Hollywood epic, THE CARPETBAGGERS, we were given a short introductory course to the sordid and the lurid. In Harlow, we will no doubt graduate to the finer points of tasteless and pointless debauchery with a little sadism thrown in as an elective. In any event, whoever the real Harlow was, will remain a mystery to all except those who knew her, and even they will have their doubts after this picture.

Helping to distort the past and blur the image will be Carroll

Baker, projecting her unreasonable facsimile of the real star. From all indications her conception of Harlow will be a cross between a carnival cootchy dancer and a brassy, bleached-out B-girl. She recently gave it a dry run in SYLVIA and on television by shimmering up to the stage in spangles to accept a film award for someone else. Watching her, one didn't know whether to sit or go blind. But one thing is certain: Baker is not Harlow and no awards are going to be given out for this picture. Therefore, it is pretty safe to assume that it will make more than all the original Harlow pictures combined.

HOW TO REVIVE THEN MURDER A MYTH FOR FUN AND PROFIT . . . BUT MOSTLY FOR THE LATTER!



To revive lagging box office sales, two producers, Bill Sargent and Joe Levine are battling to bring the Harlow story to the screen. From what we've



Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, from an early film. And we thought we invented the nude scene!



Harlow posed nude to break into films, setting a precedent for hundreds of sex-symbol stars to follow.



Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon in a scene from Howard Hughes' "Hell's Angels," the film that made Harlow a star.

seen, both are tales told by exploiters, full of sex and fantasy signifying only that Hollywood is hard-up for melodrama.



This is the way the world will remember Harlow . . . sultry, sexy, having the capacity to drive men wild.



She's twenty four, beautiful and her real name is Elke Schletz. Although she hasn't done much to make Milwaukee famous, you get the idea after talking with her that there are plenty of people around who are trying to make Elke infamous. Their modus operandi is all too familiar... circulate pre-discovery photos of a new star which she posed for when she was down on her luck and needed the money.

Digging up the past is nothing new. If anything, it frequently hypos a newcomer's rating. Look what it did for Monroe. Furthermore, although newly arrived luminaries sometimes object to

NUDE TRANSCENDING THE TEARS

their old pinups being dredged up and passed around, they realize that such photos keep them in the public eye, are worth thousands in publicity and insure that people will continue to talk about them... the touchstone of success. Thus, it seems a little incongruous that bright eyed Elke objects too strenuously to the reissuing of her old flicks and resents seeing photos of herself, which leave little to the imagination, in the flashier men's magazines.

After all, when all is said and done, she did make those films, and she did pose for those photographs. Nothing she has shown has not been also shown by others like Susan Strasberg, Kim



ELKE SOMMER CRIES SHE'S NOT A NUDE . . IT'S JUST HARD FOR HER TO FIND CLOTHES!



The New Elke: Bared bosom and buttocks (left) from *A SHOT IN THE DARK*, comedy with Peter Sellers, and bared belly button hinting of seduction in this scene from *THE VICTORS* with George Hamilton as a GI loser.

Novak, and just recently, Carol Lynley. And, in general, these young actresses are more established than Elke. They appeared in issues of *Playboy*, willingly. Elke, with a great hue and cry, claims that *Playboy* pirated her layout from old movie stills.

Be that as it may, Elke has little legitimate cause to complain. If she wants to be known as a non nude, she has only to stop running about in films without any clothes on. If she is established, she surely does not need the money. With that cause eliminated, there can be only two other reasons: She likes to cavort in the nude or she needs the publicity. Whatever her motives, they are her own business, but the public doesn't need to be reminded that she is, "not a nude", when all it ever sees of her is just that . . . all!



In her latest, *THE MONEY TRAY*, Elke has her hands full giving the audience an eyefull. If that's resentment on her face, she's got the wrong drama coach.

STARS

.....

IN ACTION

ANN-MARGRET...

The girl with two first names who personifies wholesome, healthy, Four H sex can't miss with tough management and hot publicity. She is seen here (below) appearing as a club hostess with Frenchman Alain Delon in **To Scratch A Thief**. Critics say she can't act, but somehow, that doesn't seem to bother anybody.



SHIRLEY MacLAINE...

Hollywood's classiest boudoir girl (**The Apartment**, **Irma La Douce**, **What A Way To Go**) appears to have lost some navel lint as she warms up for belly dance sequence in Israel's answer to the Arab world: **John Goldfarb Please Come Home**.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR...

Heavyweight champion of filmdom (read voluptuous). Miss Taylor shows how she won the crown by emoting with Richard Burton, her real-life leading man (as of this writing) in **Sandpiper**, big, sophisticated film that will probably irk the reviewers but allow the Burtons to buy Big Sur, California, where it was shot.



PETER SELLERS...

One of the few living comic actors who can save trite and hackneyed plots simply by being on camera. The more scenes with Sellers in them, the better the film. Britain's chuckling answer to Lon Chaney's **Man of a Thousand Faces**, Sellers salvaged not so funny flicks: **The Pink Panther** and **A Shot in the Dark**, and turned them into hilarious entertainment. He is seen here, in the latter, bracing himself for a foray into a nudist camp. Out of action because of a severe heart attack last fall, Sellers will soon be back saving more scripts in **Yellow Rolls-Royce**.



KIM NOVAK...

This sexbomb who gives the impression that she doesn't enjoy working at it, has enough raw material and latent talent to be the sex symbol that Carroll Baker is trying so hard to become and can't. Unfortunately, Kim hasn't Carroll's desire, and her last two pictures, **Of Human Bondage**, where she plays a Cockney tart, and **Kiss Me Stupid**, where she plays the homegrown variety, haven't done much for her career except prove that she has a very nice body. However, even here she's run afoul of poor backdrops, witness this still from **Stupid** in which Kim displays cleavage and flat abdomen. Given the look on her face and the setting, this attempt at disrobing does not put one in mind of the erotic, so much as the emetic.



CHARLTON HESTON...

Our man in Jerusalem, Heston has finally abandoned the biblical world for that of the Renaissance, where his manly, rockbound face will glower over the problems of painting the Sistine Chapel in one take (possibly two) as he portrays the immortal Michelangelo in **The Agony and the Ecstasy**. It took the real Michelangelo some 14 years, but after parting the Red Sea as Moses, Heston should find this one a snap.



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA...

First of Italy's postwar pizzas with everything, age has mellowed the "Queen of the Lolos," as she was once dubbed. But maturity has not detracted from her figure one whit. Once she played scenes in the nude; here she merely simulates the daring with tights from her latest, **Strange Bedfellows**, co-starring Rock Hudson. All is not lost, however. Gina may not be a nubile maiden, but oh! what a nifty matron. Gets you right in the **la bonza**, eh?



BRIGITTE BARDOT...

Siren of the champ voyeurs, Brigitte is again caught off guard with her pants down, her décolletage exposed and her derriere sharply defined. No fool she, Brigitte hangs onto the assets that made her famous and these will again be on display for the faithful in **Adorable Idiot**. Tony Perkins is the Peeping Tom.



URSULA ANDRESS...

It's a good thing Ursula is beautiful. She certainly cannot act. But she doesn't lose any sleep over it, why should you? Films are a hobby with her. She makes them only when in the mood, and despite her looks, she is the very antithesis of the Hollywood cliché. This, in itself, is refreshing, and for those who like to be captivated by Sex Goddesses, Ursula's appearance in H. Rider Haggard's classic **She**, should provide the ultimate in romantic escapism. If only the director just lets her stand there.





LEATHER SLAPPING LUSH LURCHES THRU ROLE

DRUNKEN SKUNKEN

If the hero image of American folklore was failing, then Lee Marvin, as the filthiest sot of the western gun slingers, has delivered the death blow. Columbia's *CAT BALLOU* features Lee Marvin as Kid Shelleen, the leather strapping lush, and Jane Fonda as Cat Ballou. She isn't hard to take no matter what the situation.

This film has all the earmarks of an Ian Fleming epic set in the old west. The directional point of view was to handle with deadly realism and seriousness a plot seemingly written by an insane script writer. Utilizing a broad spectrum of action and technique, startling realism in make-up is contrasted by the most absurd and disgusting situations imaginable.

This two-fisted farce sees Marvin portray the dual roles of Kid Shelleen and his bad guy brother 42 Tim Strawn. The wanton character of Strawn is enhanced by the fact that he wears a tin nose as his



REGURGITATING REALISM

STARS IN "CAT BALLOU"

real nose was bitten off in a fight. Thus the double effect which ranges from regurgitating realism to frantic frenetic humor.

Never has the screen starred such a thoroughly despicable and rotten character as the core of a film. As a candidate for hero worship the "Kid" misses the mark by a mile. He isn't brave, or clever, or smart; he isn't even good looking. If the youth of our times find a laudable quality in him then their perception of values in general is a far cry from that of their parents.

The character of the "Kid" has the unwashed aura of body odor, combined with the smells of cheap whiskey, vomit, and dried urine.

Beatle haircuts and imitative clothing is the current rage among our young people. God save us from the effect of a Kid Shelleen craze crossing the country.

OUR PRIVATE STOCK OF CINEMA SHOCK

DO MAKE A SCENE!



Daughter Of Wolfman? No, just the heroine from APE WOMAN, an Italian film about an exploited sideshow freak.



Bondage is another aberrated urge which producers get mileage out of in *THE CAT*.

Nymphomania is key ingredient of Italian Flick . . . *THE NIGHT*.



Denise Shaw in German film, *MEPHISTO*, displays macabre costume in her bizarre act filmed at Paris' *LE SEXY*.



Belgium's Catherine Spaak is covered by 1000 franc notes when her boyfriend is at a loss for words to show how much he thinks of her. Scene is from *THE EMPTY CANVAS*.

SCENES CONTD.



Lesbian overtones are evident in new European film which focuses its camera on boudoir and forgets about plot.



THIS IS MY SIDE OF THE STREET, is a sordid little sex drama of swingtime in Soho. In this scene, Philippa Gail protests as a nasty customer strips her down for the piece de resistance.



More garter-belts and silk hose for those obsessed by the boudoir in this German flick where most fetishes find a home.



Zulu Warriors overrun sandbagged barricade in scene from **ZULU**, first worthy successor to old empire films such as **GUNGA DIN** and **FOUR FEATHERS**, in 25 years.



German comedy mixes liberal amounts of outrageous sex to pull in Deutsche marks from patrons who demand erotica.



Spoof of the Mortuary Trade is object of MGM's Filmways' **THE LOVED ONE**, whose crack cast is nearly brutal in its dissection of the embalming brotherhood.

SCENES CONTD.



Britain Kenneth Moore, who usually plays more sedate parts, paws the merchandise — but in gentlemanly fashion — as he engages in a tete-a-tete with his clandestine mistress.



Mayhem for millions is implicit in this grandiose charge from MAJOR DUNDEE, a really pointless movie wherein only the stuntmen deserved laurels.



Whether or not movies are more daring than ever, remains to be seen . . . first one ought to review this little huddle featuring Anita Page (left) and Bessie Love in 1928 BROADWAY MELODY. "Darling, they're playing our song."



It's harvest time in France, although the crop is rather specialized in this film of young dalliance entitled THE FIRST TIME.

LINDA MUJER



FROM THE SWEET LIFE TO THE DAILY GRIND!

The words LINDA MUJER in Spanish means beautiful woman, and 21-year-old starlet Linda Veras is surely this, among other things. Daughter of an Italian diplomat and an Austrian actress, Linda personifies the "new look" in international movie making and is a natural for MOVIES INTERNATIONAL's premiere showing of new faces and fabulous forms soon to brighten up the neighborhood theater.

An expatriate of Rome's posh Via Veneto, the foyer to movie making abroad, Linda typifies the girl who has graduated from pursuit of LA DOLCE VITA into more meaningful roles. The swirl of parties both catered and crashed in order to be "discovered" is over, replaced by a new strategy, that of keeping in the public eye, and this is no easy matter. But Linda has been most successful, as demonstrated by the eye-catching eyeful on these pages.





FOR EVERY STAR THAT IS BORN A STARLET MUST BE
SHORN . . . OF HER CLOTHES, THAT IS!





WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HEROES ?

During the last 20 years many a Hollywood standby has fallen by the wayside and in the case of most it has been good riddance . . . the B picture, the hokey situation comedy, the stereotyped western and cops and robbers opus. Many of these have found a home in television where they are done far better than they ever were on the low budget back lot. But among the sorely missed casualties of the 50's and 60's is the old adventure epic which has vanished along with the original image of Hollywood . . . as the land of escape and dreams.

True, movies still peddle dreamstuff these days, but the dreams are preposterous and cut rate. They are limited mainly to comedy and their only advantage over television is that they employ bigger stars and color by De Luxe. The adventure stories, ground from an unimaginative mill, are either so deadly serious that they irritate and annoy moviegoers with their thinly disguised preachments and their relentless look at the realistic world of life in a garbage can, or so preposterous and unintentionally amateurish that the audience is openly embarrassed for those who had anything to do with their making.

During the last 20 years, we have had few adventure epics to match those of the late 30's. Carl Foreman's *The Guns of Navarone* came close, so did *The Great Escape*. Yet even these two films were merely entertaining. Neither of them will become a classic in the mold of *Gunga Din*, *The Four Feathers*, *Northwest Passage* or Errol Flynn's *Robin Hood*.

The latter two were, of course, classics adapted from well known books, but no subsequent remakes of them have even come close.

Alexander Korda's *The Four Feathers*, the story of a wronged British officer who vindicates himself by undertaking a dangerous mission behind enemy lines, was a far better movie than the book upon which it was loosely based. Its action scenes were so superior that they have been spliced into two remakes of the film to give them some of the power of the original.

However, of all the classics which were pure adventure . . . yet believable adventure . . . few can match George Stevens' *Gunga Din*. Here we have that rare instance of genius being plucked out of the air. The title was borrowed from Rudyard Kipling's poem about an oft-abused and overlooked native water bearer attached to a British regiment in Queen Victoria's India. But that was all. The rest of this "English Western" was pure imagination, but 27 years after it was filmed, it still remains the standard of "epic adventure" films.

The hallmark of the epic adventure is that it does not preach, it does not offer the audience spiritual trauma. It romanticizes action, but not violence. It is, in fact, a reincarnation of the *Rover Boys* for adults, where the good guys always win out, where bravery is always rewarded and the bad guys receive their just desserts in the end. But more important, it is believable. It is real fantasy. It is skillfully made and it is played by professional actors in every sense of that word.

Where, today, can one find a trio of "actors" to match Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (as Ballentine), Cary Grant (as Cutter) or Victor McLaglen (as MacChesney) as the incredibly heroic non-coms of *Gunga Din*? Where could one combine their manliness, their sense of comic, their ability to portray real people with real motives, while at the same time keeping the action moving swiftly along? A Cliff Robertson might fit here, or a Steve McQueen, but both these actors are similar in type. They might fit one role, but who could be the bearish MacChesney with the mischievous smile on his face and the roguish glint in his eye, or the charming and lovable simpleton, Sergeant Cutter, as Cary Grant portrayed him, or the dignified, but tough swashbuckler which Fairbanks brought to the screen? Could we drop a Troy Donahue in here, or a George Hamilton or a Richard Chamberlain? We think not.

James Garner might handle Grant's old role, but he would have to perform a revolutionary metamorphosis to do it. As for playing McLaglen's Sergeant MacChesney, only Brian Keith appears bear enough, yet facile enough to accomplish it. There are, of course, other actors, men like Paul Newman, Eli Wallach, Charlton Heston, who might fit into this sort of a film, but they, too, would find this a radical departure from their previous style. The gimmick hero, the Yul Brynners, the David Nivens, etc., would not pull this one off and others like Stuart Granger, who might have, are getting too old to try.

If we had to rely on the younger actors now coming along . . . those who have made their marks in *Bikini Beach* or *Gidget*, a remake of *Gunga Din* would be impossible. For its heroes do not sing while they shoot, nor do they comb their hair while they map out strategy, and all are past the age of puberty with its attendant rites.

Frank Sinatra and his clansmen four did attempt to do a comedy burlesque of *Gunga Din*, setting it in the American West and transferring the the heroes to the U.S. Cavalry. This travesty, entitled *Sergeants Three* was not only inept, but very unfunny. In fact, Sinatra, Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Dean Martin, didn't even appear to enjoy their romp, and it showed. Actually, their premise was a good one, a spoof of the classic, but it was so devoid of laughter that the audience was left with nothing to laugh at but the attempt of these nightclub heroes trying to look formidable by aping better men. For who could believe that Frank and his cronies could even survive on the desert without air conditioning and a lounge show, let alone having to battle cunning and deadly Indians?

But, at least Sinatra's attempt was at comedy. So many

others, far too many, try the epic adventure film in all seriousness. These people do not make films, they perpetrate them. One of them recently suffered through had the word *Trumpet* in its title (we've forgotten the entire title and warrant that Raoul Walsh, a director who has done far better, the first *What Price Glory?* will want to forget it, too). This film was so bad, so utterly without plot, purpose and direction, that all the color scenes of outdoor splendor could not take the viewer's mind off the fact that he was watching a cinematic atrocity. Yet this film must have cost the Warner Brothers several millions of dollars to produce.



We could go on, gloomily listing the empty attempts at bringing to the screen the hardihood and endurance of Spencer Tracy and his Rangers on their trek to destroy a hostile Indian camp in *Northwest Passage*. We could point out the total lack of involvement the audience feels in the pseudo epic as compared to what it felt for the cashiered British officer who, having disguised himself as a speechless native and branded with a red-hot poker, wanders the Egyptian Sudan in search of his regiment. We could compare a colorless Richard Todd, with his perpetual Major of Commandos stare, as Robin Hood, to a flamboyant Flynn who had the

power to lift the audience from their seats and transport them physically to the duel scene on the castle staircase. Even Louis Hayward had that magic which made *The Man in the Iron Mask* a classic, even if it was short on action and long on gloomy dungeons. But few actors have it today, and fewer writers seem to be able to evoke that feeling of pure anesthesia that glued adult and child alike to their seats and forced them to sit through a film two and three times and then anxiously comb the papers over the years for news of its reissue.

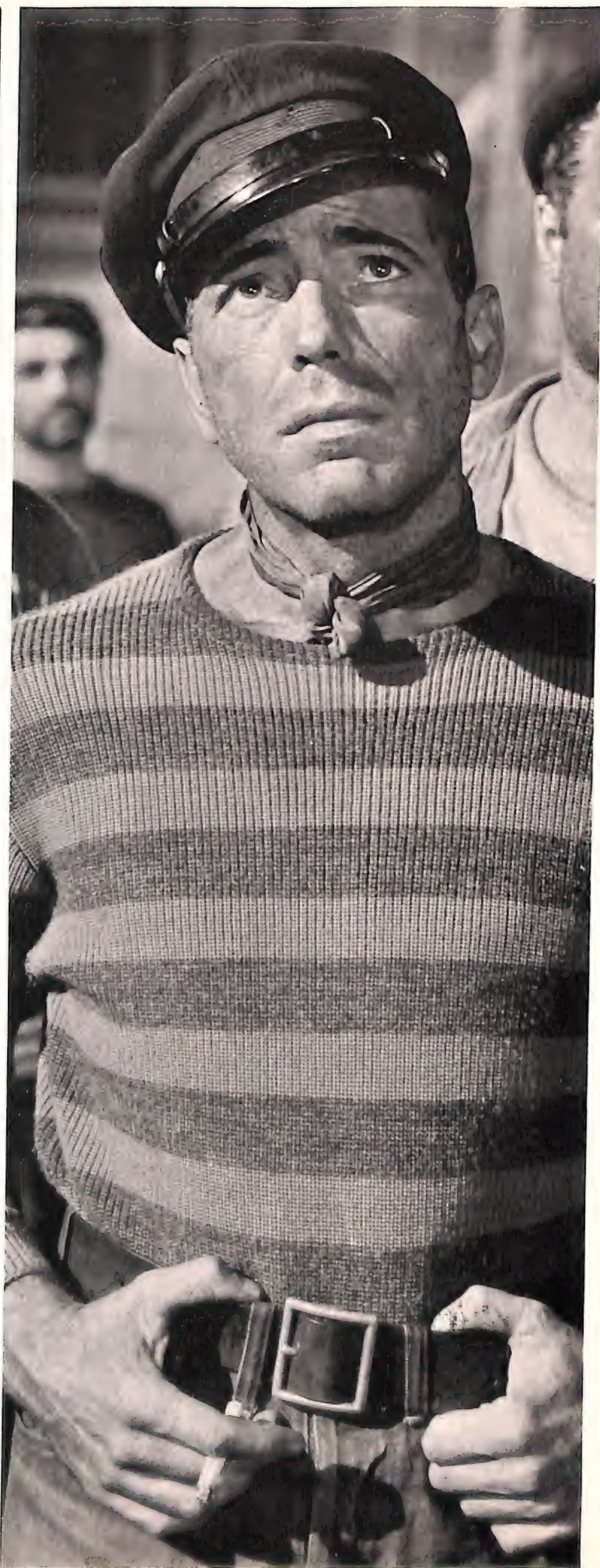
Now we have the message adventure films, and all too often, nobody gets the precious word. *The Victors*, Carl Forman's preachy indictment of war by non-revelation of all its grimy horror, was the most pontifical, phony, sentiment slop tract ever seen. It was not that there was an absence of battle, for in Forman's war, sex, not action, was the keynote. Grenade and mortar shells didn't burst, but orgasms. Every male lead, and there were six of them, had a beautiful woman. In fact, there were enough beautiful women in this one film to supply a division of sex-starved troops, and the incidence of their appearance was probably six thousand times the normal rate. Furthermore, all were desperately eager to go to bed with our heroes, for one reason or another, and in the end *The Victors* triumphed, not on the battlefield, but in the boudoir.

It may be argued that this film did not attempt to show the surface face of war, but rather another segment of it . . . the sexual . . . or at least that facet which may be interpreted through observation of sexual emotion. Here again, is another of Hollywood's blue ribbon strikeouts. It seems that every adventure film, no matter what the location, has to have some beautiful heroine appear out of nowhere, in a trench, in a dive-bomber, in a submarine. With Hollywood writers, no situation is so unlikely that the magic of the silver screen cannot smooth it over. The trouble is that with so much smoothing-over going on, we are being deluged with faceless, tasteless pap, formula pabulum made to standard measure.

Frank Sinatra, in his *Never So Few*, managed to ruin Tom Chamales' great book about the jungle campaign in Burma by concentrating on a love affair with none other than the old pizza pie maker Gina Lollobrigida. To make him look the part, he popped a sidebrim Aussie campaign hat on his head and donned a bush jacket, but Sinatra looked like Las Vegas and Lollobrigida only convinced us that she was bored, between pictures and on loan from Da Sica. As far as the jungle war went, except for some photographic excellence by the second camera unit, it looked like fun.

Again we see another glaring lack in the modern adventure film. It either looks too glum or too much like kicks. When you see Tony Curtis preparing to attack the castle of the evil duke, you don't shudder, you laugh. If it's a beachboy refugee from *77 Sunset Strip* in the title role, you wince. But whatever your reaction it isn't the same as that which you shared with Spencer Tracy and his gaunt and tattered men when he exhorted them to keep going to keep from dying of starvation and exposure.

Two films of recent vintage have, however, avoided these clichés. They have neither attempted the message picture that fails (*The Victors*) or the phony "saga of guts and glory" that annoys. They are *Zulu* and *Merrill's Marauders*. Both laid it on the line, although *Zulu* was more in keeping with the old traditions, whereas *Merrill's Marauders* was the deadening, day-to-day biography of a great fighting unit. For that reason, the former is reviewed and featured in this issue. It tells a simple, straightforward account of courage. The action situation is the focus of the entire film. Yet, although it does not develop many sub-plots and asides, its characters are real and believable. It is one helluva movie as was *Merrill's Marauders* for other reasons, and may presage a new and welcome trend back to adventure epics where actors were men and script writers did not view adventure as a pause between seductions.








Hollywood Hopeful, Ella Shane, travels to Brazil to make her debut in films. The title of her opus? You guessed it: **NAKED RIO!**

THE SHAPES OF



The latest prop in German films consists of a horde of nameless, but charming female extras who parade about the set in bikinis. They don't add much to the plot-line, but at least they keep the audience awake.



Wall to wall rugs (Roman style) are demonstrated by French pastry Pascale Petit, rendering unto Caesar the things which are his in the new motion picture aptly titled **A QUEEN FOR CAESAR.**

FACES TO COME




Hot combo, Deutschland style, features Ellen Schwiers in new German mystery thriller DER UNSICHTBARE.




Speaking of extras, exotic looking belly dancer from J. Lee Thompson's desert opus JOHN GOLDFARB PLEASE COME HOME, may have been one of the reasons Notre Dame University vigorously challenged the distribution and showing of the film.




Sexual smorgasbord is provided by Swedish starlet Harriet Sjoernstrom. Nudity is common in Swedish films, but seldom has the camera focused on such a tempting flicka.



Frank Sinatra's newest good guys' hero's girl is Rafael Carrea, soon to appear in **VON RYAN'S EXPRESS**. No wonder they were in such a hurry!



Tight bodices, the hallmarks of lusty, busty eighteenth century English debauchery epics, set off Barbara Steel as she taunts a supposedly castrated choir boy in a revealing tete-a-tete in **THE WHITE VOICES** which becomes even more revealing when she discovers he isn't.



No, this isn't Dillinger's moll. The lady with the submachine gun is, in fact, a bonafide countess. Here she appears as a partisan in **FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES**, film about the Italian resistance in World War II.



King of the Italian Sex Farce, Vittorio Gassman (THE EASY LIFE, BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET) seems blasé as ever, even though Antonella Lualdi, a piece of pizza with absolutely everything on her, gets set to take some off. The film is ALL THESE WOMEN, and has to be another romp for Gassman.

Newest piece of French cheesecake is male, Alain Delon, who is often prettier than the women he co-stars with. Hardly out of the Boyer, Jean Gabin mold, he nevertheless, has talent, even if he isn't a Belmondo.

Keeping up with the Joneses or, in this case, the bold sexual scenes shot by Europeans, American producers have had to fight fire with fire and torso with torso. Here, Janine Gray takes us to sleep on her Sealy in the AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY, a rather banal approach to our war effort.



Why did Adam eat that apple? Newcomer Michael Parks takes a crack at explaining it in the John Huston directed segment of THE BIBLE. All we want to know, Mike, is was it a Rome Beauty? (Left) Anna Karina in Godard's BANDE A PART. (Above) French starlet Danna Saval, a slim-waisted beauty. (Below) Robust Rod Taylor, boisterous boy-o of YOUNG CASSIDY.



sex has been given a special slant in Japan — no pun intended. Instead of mere nudity, the Japanese prefer to display women in sensual juxtaposition, typical of this scene from NIGHT LADIES, with Mako Midari, (lower figure).

Famed stripper, Miss Beverly Hills, is in films now, but hasn't progressed very far. In KISSES FOR MY PRESIDENT, she is still stripping. But then, she's so good at it.

Goodlooking, intelligent, Anjanette Comer is Tony Richardson's female star in THE LOVED ONE, a spoof of the undertaking business, which promises to both enrage mortuaries and delight audiences, even the corpses get a little revenge in this one.

FILM REVIEWS

KEY

- **** = super colossal fantastic
- *** = exceptionally good
- ** = rather good
- * = fair
- = ecchh!!

- **** THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD
- * WOMAN OF THE DUNES
- *** UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG
- LORD JIM
- *** MARRIAGE ITALIAN STYLE
- SHIP OF FOOLS
- **** THE HILL
- *** THE COLLECTOR
- SYNANON
- ** THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY
- HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA
- ** THE MAGNIFICENT CUCKOLD
- ** TO LOVE
- THE RED DESERT
- **** GOLDFINGER
- THE ROUNDERS
- **** THAT MAN FROM RIO
- ** CHEYENNE AUTUMN
- *** THE KILLERS
- *** CAT BALLOU
- * THE SOUND OF MUSIC
- ** MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES
- * MOLL FLANDERS
- YOUNG CASSIDY
- ** THE SOFT SKIN
- JOHN GOLDFARB, PLEASE COME HOME
- * THE YELLOW ROLLS ROYCE
- * WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT?
- * THE HALLELUJAH TRAIL
- *** IN HARM'S WAY

Kedrova, and Irene Pappas as the strikingly beautiful, untouchable widow are superb. Alan Bates provides exactly the contrast needed as the incorruptable, resolute part Greek — part English, writer. But it is Zorba the Greek, Anthony Quinn, with his passion for wine, women and song, which dominates the film. And it is through Zorba, rustic and unintelligible, that the writer turns in the closing scene and asks, "Zorba,—teach me to dance." (J.I.)

THAT MAN FROM RIO

Jean Paul Belmondo plays this one strictly for laughs and the audience does. An outrageous, unlikely, implausible pastiche of every cliché sequence in derring-do cinema, *Rio* is a film that brings to life man's favorite and fondest image of himself. Like a treasured dream, it is pure cinema and completely sensory. It has no axe to grind and isn't even comedy in the cute, contrived, sophisticated sense of that word. It's merely fun and it has all the ingredients for a rollicking evening.

It starts with an abduction in Paris and ends in the wild jungles of Brazil. In between, we are treated by an insane chase on the freeway, a jet flight halfway round the world without a ticket, several knockdown dragouts, a solo flight by a man who have never piloted an aircraft, several murders, some don't-look-down-now human fly exploits, more mad chases, three jeweled idols with unspeakable curses, a treasure connected with same and romance. Yet we accept all of this without batting an eye, so captivating is Phillip de Broca's direction. We just don't care that such feats are impossible. Instead, we believe with the same faith Captain Midnight Junior Rangers had in their decoders. As for Belmondo, he makes this belief possible. Boyish, youthful, exuberant, irrepressible, he makes the James Bonds and the rest of the pros who work at the hero legend, look like farcial amateurs by comparison. And in the end, we are not jealous of Belmondo, we merely envy him. As for being like him . . . not in our wildest dreams!

JOHN GOLDFARB, PLEASE COME HOME

Had he stopped with his title, William Peter Blatty, the creator of *Goldfarb* could have rested a winner. Instead, he chose to delve into the possibilities of such an outrageous idea and he came up with one great big

nothing. Why the officials at the University of Notre Dame ever objected to this film is difficult to conceive. For it is so weak, so blah, so inept, that nobody could possibly take offense at it. It just hasn't got it.

The only people to whom it should prove embarrassing are those who had a hand in bringing it to the screen. And this takes in quite a bit of pro territory. Peter Ustinov, as skilled an actor and farceur as the industry possesses — a fact he proved again in his Academy Award Winning performance in *Topkapi* — has been funnier scratching his head on the Jack Paar Show. For him, Goldfarb is a debacle. Shirley MacLaine is completely wasted as a femme fatale conspirator. And the picture is a classic of money, brains and talent spent to no avail.

There is nothing funny in *Goldfarb* and instead of taking offense at it, the viewer's first reaction is that he has been duped and hoodwinked into seeing a film made with all the professionalism of a kindergarten play. *Goldfarb* has not one saving grace. Had it infuriated some people like *Strange-love* did or tweaked the noses of the clergy or the oil companies or the desert despots, it might have been worth all the ballyhoo and high pressure press-agentry that has accompanied its releases. But *Goldfarb* does nothing but lay there. It is paralyzed with rigor-mortis after the opening title and succeeds in proving only one thing. The biggest bombs like the biggest blondes are laid in Hollywood. *John Goldfarb Please Go Home . . . And Stay There.*

BECKET

This was probably the best picture of 1964, although the critics crossed their wires in those Oscar nominations put forth for it. While Richard Burton and John Gielgud carried off the palm. Becket was Peter O'Toole's picture. Blessed by an intelligent, articulate screenplay by Edward Anhalt, who received a much deserved award for an outstanding job, Becket achieves that goal which so many historical epics aim for, but rarely attain. It is a believable story about real people. Its dialogue is crisp, natural and penetrating. Its characters do not make speeches at one another across the centuries — the bane of so many other costume extravaganzas. Rather they communicate with each other and, what is even more important, with the audience.

When O'Toole as Henry II pleads for money from a stingy band of bishops, you know that he is broke and you feel for him. When he rides to hounds or sleeps with a French whore, you are certain his motives are hu-

man. And when he takes on his mother and his nagging wife, you must sympathize with him. Burton's Becket, on the other hand, is rather stock. As the king's advisor and boon companion during the first half of the film, Burton is a believable rascal. But as the Archbishop of Canterbury who has just seen the light, Burton is somewhat wooden and melancholy. He becomes a monosyllabic cipher and we lose interest in him. On the other hand, O'Toole never once falters in the delivery of his role. It is due as much to his performance and those of a host of fine supporting actors, as well as superb set decoration and Peter Glenville's direction that *Becket* is such a triumph.

BEACH BLANKET BINGO

With all the breast-beating about pictures getting bawdier, this little breast-barer will undoubtedly escape the censor's wrath. Too bad.

If ever a film deserved to be left in the can, this inane, pointless plethora of trash does. Totally without motivation or point of view, it supposedly depicts the American teenager-young adult's fondest ambition . . . namely to ape the antics of pagan body worshippers.

To this end the screen swarms with acres of belly buttons, burgeoning breasts and tilting derrieres. Life in *Bingo* is one vast snakepit of multi-colored orgies, gyrating pelvises, female torsos, surfing, twisting, sky diving and girl ogling, all with an eye to cuddling up in a blanket for the moment of truth, if both the title and the gross campaign ads for this travesty are to be believed.

Acting is exemplified by its non existence and features Frankie Avalon as the original greasy kid and that refugee from the Mouseketeers, Annette Funicello who plays every role exactly the same . . . as if she were suffering martyrdom . . . even as she makes you aware that the particular cross she has to bear is a size 40 D cup.

However, the hardest part of *Bingo* to swallow, is its pretense to good, clean fun. While exposing more flesh per reel than the supposedly raw and depraved foreign imports, it has far less to justify its thesis that life is a wiggling fanny. If anything, *Bingo* is the nearest thing to a Peeping Tom nudie that this writer has ever seen. True the girls do not reveal all of their vital anatomy, but the tone of the film assures you that this is what their life is all about. It also attempts to demonstrate to the public that sex, as portrayed by the *Bingo* bunch, is innocuous.

I'd rather send my kids to see Brigitte Bardot.

